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Coyed or Open Brewster Buggies, or
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the shortest notice. 48

H. H. DOBSON,
DENTIST.

For three successive seasons the
Smiths had met with Weld Graham
and his mother at Saratoga. The
acquaintance thus commenced had ripened
into intimacy, and for some months
the two families had corresponded.

An animated discussion followed
the reading of the letter, the debated
point being whether a party should
be got up on the Graham's account.
Of course I had neither interest nor
voice in the question. But I had my
own busy thoughts for company, and
they led me back to certain pleasant
reminiscences in my somewhat clouded
experience of life. In my eleventh
summer my dear father had left me, a
motherless child, in charge of a friend
while he went south, in the vain hope
that a change of climate would restore
his failing health. Weld Graham was
then a lad of sixteen, preparing for
college, and a burden in the family
with myself. Every incident of that
bright and brief summer was chronicled
in my memory; our manifold
quarrels and reconciliations, the ear-
then where we made some astonishing
experiments in horticulture, the swing
put up for my especial pleasure, and
our exercises in drawing, in which I
was tutor, Weld my pupil. I have a
decided talent for drawing. I say it
with pride, because it was my one,
sole gift. When a child I delighted
in sketching caricatures, and at the
instigation of Weld Graham I executed
numberless rough but graphic sketches
of individuals whom we knew, and
who possessed peculiarities of physi-
ognomy upon which my pencil could
seize and enlarge. Some of these
sketches had been claimed by Weld

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tracting teeth without pain, always on
hand. All work warranted at the low-
est living prices. Office over H. C.
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men will do well to call and examine
some of our Letter Heads, Note Heads,
Bill Head, Statements, and especially
our stock of Envelopes, which we will
furnish at the lowest possible rates.

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The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME VII.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JANUARY 31, 1878.

NUMBER 5.

POETRY.

STAND LIKE AN ANVIL.

"Stand like an anvil," when the strokes
Of reckless men fall wild and fast;
Storms but more deeply root the oak
Whose tossing arms embrace the blast.

"Stand like an anvil," when the sparks
Fly far and wide, a fiery shower;
Virtue and truth must still be marks
Where malice proves its want of power.

"Stand like an anvil," when the bar
Lies red and glowing on its breast;
Duty shall be life's guiding star,
And conscious innocence its rest.

"Stand like an anvil," when the sound
Of ponderous hammers pains the ear;
Thine but the still and stern rebound,
Of the great heart that cannot fear.

"Stand like an anvil," noise and fear
Are born of earth and die with time;
The soul, like heaven, its source and heat,
Is solemn, still, serene, sublime.

STORY TELLER.

THE BROKEN SHILLING.

It was rather a cool September evening; I remember, and we had a fire
lighted in the back parlor. Mr. Smith was reading a package of letters; Mrs.
Smith dozed in a corner of the sofa, lulled to rest, I suppose, by the cease-
less thrumming of Miss Lizzie on the piano. In a corner by herself, with a
single lamp beside her, Betsy Lake sat sewing. Know that I answer to
the anti-euphonious name of Betsy. I was christened Elizabeth, and up to
the time of my coming to live with the Smiths I had been called Lizzie.

One morning, some three days after
Mr. Graham came, I was engaged in
starching Miss Lizzie's muslins when
Mrs. Smith came to the door.

"Betsy, you will have to leave those
things," she said, "and carry Mr. Graham's valise down to the cross-roads.
He is going to the north village, and left word to have Tom take his valise
across the meadow in season to meet
the morning coach."

"Why does not Tom go, as directed?"

"He is away somewhere with Mr.
Smith, and Mr. Graham has gone
round by the post-office, expecting to
find his luggage at the cross roads
when the stage comes along."

"Can't Jane go?"

"No. She says she hurt her ankle
yesterday, and it pains her this morning.
There is nobody to send but you, Betsy."

"Very well; I will go."

In a few minutes I was on my way
across the fields. I rather liked the
novelty of the expedition, which would
afford a chance of seeing Mr. Graham.

As yet I had not spoken with him
nor hardly seen him, so constantly
was I engaged in sharing the house-
maid's labors.

On reaching the cross roads I sat
down on a rock by the roadside, placing
the valise before me on the grass. In a short time I heard the coach
coming, but no Mr. Graham was in sight. It (the coach) soon came up.
The driver called to me, "Going in
the stage ma'am?" I shook my head,
and the lumbering vehicle sped on its
way, leaving me half smothered in a
cloud of dust.

So Mr. Graham had missed the
coach. And what was I to do with
the valise? Return with it? Not I,
indeed! It was much pleasanter
idling away the forenoon in the fresh
air than working with Jane in a hot,
dingy kitchen. I raised the valise
and retreated with it to the shade of
a friendly birch. There was a roll of
half-finished embroidery, a copy of the
"Lady of the Lake," and a much-worn
drawing-pencil in the pocket of my
dress.

Having made this inventory of my
present available property, I selected
the pencil, and amused myself in
sketching the passers-by on the smooth,
white bark of the birch. The body of
the tree was quite covered with oddly
contrasted figures when I put up the
pencil and turned to look across the
meadow. Mr. Graham stood near,
regarding my rough drafts with an
amused look.

"Excuse me if I have disturbed
you," he said.

"Having worked up my material, I
can afford to be disturbed. You are
an hour too late for the coach, Mr.
Graham."

"Yes; I was misinformed as to the

time of its arrival. I see my valise is
here, but not the person who brought it."

"I brought it over before the stage
came along, and have been keeping
faithful watch and ward over it since."

"You brought it over! I extremely
regret it—not can I understand why
the task was imposed upon you. I
left directions for Mr. Smith's man,
Tom, to come on with my valise."

"Mr. Smith's man, Tom, was other-
wise engaged. Therefore it devolved on
Mrs. Smith's woman, Betsy, to fulfil
your commission."

"That a young lady should have
done me a menial's service!"

"Need occasion no uneasiness, Mr.
Graham. I belong, literally, to that
class of individuals who are 'hewers of
wood and drawers of water.' Were I
to sketch myself it would be with a
burden on my shoulders, cumbersome
as that which Christian bore, in the
illustrations that grace the ancient
editions of his pilgrimage. But if you
please, I would like my shilling, my
porter's hire, sir."

"Thank you for reminding me," he
said laughing, as he held forth a
bright gold eagle.

"Keep your gold, Mr. Graham. I
shall not take a penny more than I
have earned. Haven't you a stray
shilling?"

"If I have I would much rather give
you the gold."

"And I will have nothing but silver."

Without further parley he bestowed the
compensation I asked.

"What will you do with it—buy a
new pencil?" he said.

"No. I shall keep it for the sake
of lang-syne."

"I do not see the drift of your enig-
matical expression," said Mr. Graham,
slowly, looking at me attentively the
while,

"Then the riddle must remain a
riddle. I have neither time, inclination
nor intention to enlighten your
understanding, which, pardon me, is
quite obtuse. Now that my mission
is ended and my wages paid I will go
home. I wish you a good morning,
stranger."

I returned by way of the field. In
gaining the shelter of the bushes that
grew along the border of the meadow,
I looked back and saw Mr. Graham
yet standing beneath the old birch,
engaged in studying the delineations
on its bark. For many a day I had
not known so light a heart. The inter-
view just past reminded me so
pleasantly and fondly of the old
times that for a moment I seemed once
more a child, delightfully occupied
in vexing and perplexing Weld Graham.

However, no sooner did I cross
the threshold of my guardian's door
(I was Mr. Smith's ward) than those
pleasant fancies vanished. I regained
my identity. More than that, I privately
read Betsy Lake a pretty severe
lecture, showing her the utter
folly of thus dragging from oblivion
bright passages in the early girlhood
of Lizzie Lake. The next morning
Jane and I were at work together fin-
ishing the week's ironing that I had
left the previous day when sent off to
the cross roads.

"I have always supposed till now,
Betsy, that you had no more property
than I have," remarked the housemaid.

"Not have I, Jane. I am poor as a
church mouse, which means, I sus-
pect, poor as is possible for one to be."

"But Mrs. Smith says you have
some property. Just now I heard Mr.
Graham asking particularly about you
and she at last said, in a loth kind of
a way, that your father left you a
little something which you would have
when you came of age. She said, too,
that you were very intractable when
you came here, and she and Mr. Smith
thought you would be more manageable
if made to think you were dependent
on them for everything."

I dropped my work; I went straight
to my room. The mystery was solved
at last, for I never could understand
how it was that my father left me
utterly penniless at his demise. And
the motives of my guardians, in de-
ceiving me thus, were easily divined.
The charge of intractability was false.
That I knew; for, overcome with grief
at the loss of my dear father and
placed among entire strangers, I had
an amused look.

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you," he said.

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REV. HENRY WINTER SYLVE, Foreign Editor,
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THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every
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published; it contains the latest news and cor-
respondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JAN. 31, 1878.

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NEW JERSEY'S DEAF AND DUMB.

We learn from the message of Gov-
ernor McClellan of New Jersey that
during last year there were 107 deaf
and dumb educated at a cost of \$30,-
368.39. It will be remembered that
New Jersey has no deaf-mute institu-
tion, but that class of pupils are edu-
cated in the institutions of other States,
and, as the governor states, there is
now no difficulty in obtaining sufficient
accommodation for such pupils. He
wisely suggests, however, that as the
Soldiers' Children's Home is now idle,
it would be well to make provision
there for the deaf and dumb.

The State of New Jersey has, in the
past, saved expense by educating her
deaf and dumb at the institutions of
other States, but with one hundred
and seven deaf-mute pupils, and the
number constantly increasing, the State
will find it not only a matter of econ-
omy, but of great convenience to the
deaf and dumb, their parents and
guardians, and we hope the day is not
far distant when that rich and enter-
prising little State shall possess a deaf-
mutes institution of her own that shall
be an honor to her citizens, and one
that shall compare favorably with
similar institutions of learning in her
sister States. New Jersey has a public
debt of only about \$840,000, and there
is no reason why she is not abundantly
able to have a good deaf-mute institu-
tion of her own, the educational facili-
ties for which she has so long depend-
ed upon her neighboring States.

RESPECTFULLY DECLINED.

A correspondent a few days ago sent
us a long communication, which under
other circumstances we should have
taken pleasure in publishing, but which,
for good reasons, we were under the
necessity of consigning to the waste
basket. There were three good rea-
sons for so doing, namely: In the
first place the MS was written on
paper the width of which would be more
becoming the proportions of a table
cover or bed spread than the recepta-
cle for a newspaper article; in the next
place it was *tissue* paper which is a
positive nuisance to any compositor;
then it was, in part, written on both
sides of the paper, and last, but not
least, it was written with a pencil.

It is not our choice to replenish our
waste basket with articles which might
prove valuable to our readers, but, in
view of the above-mentioned multitude
of aggravations, it took but a very
short time to decide what to do with the
MS.

To our correspondents and contribu-
tors we beg leave to offer the follow-
ing instructions, assuring them that
by following them they will confer a
great favor on us and contribute less
material for kindling wood: Never
send an article for publication written
on *tissue* paper; use a pen and ink
and not a lead pencil; write on one
side only of the paper; use no paper
that is any wider than *letter* paper,
and paper the width of *note* paper is
much preferable to any that is wider
than that; never omit to sign your
names in full; also date all communica-
tions, giving the name of your post-
office address, including, of course, the
name of your State. If requested to
do so we will withhold the names of
writers, but we must know their names.
The above instructions should be
heeded in order to ensure the publica-
tion of articles sent to us. We cannot
return rejected MSS., and writers wish-
ing to have their articles published
will please notice and adhere to the
above instructions. Compositors can
not set type from such manuscript as

is described as having been committed
to the waste basket, and our time does
not admit of our copying MSS.

A little consideration on the part of
writers will make it an easy matter for
them to comply with the few simple
rules above given, will save for publica-
tion much manuscript that would
otherwise have to be thrown away and
make it much pleasanter for all parties
concerned.

We have many reasons for being
thankful for numerous letters and
contributions sent to us for publica-
tion, and confidently hope for an abun-
dant continuance of them, but we
earnestly hope that the writers will
take note of our instructions to them,
and abide by them, for the injunctions
are not unreasonable.

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The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items
that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to asso-
ciations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for
the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and
readers will keep us supplied with items for this
column; mark items sent to: *The Itemizer*.

The Minnesota Institution is threatened with
proximity to a railroad.

The *Gazette* man sadly remarks that a great
deal of very excellent moonlight is being wasted
these cold nights.

A pupil of the Kansas Institution has invented
an application for his school, by which he can pro-
ject it swiftly where-ever he will.

GEORGE Burwell, of Weisburg, Pa., a deaf-
mute, raised the bows lot of cabbage in that section
last year—1,450 heads, all perfect.

A snapping turtle turned up at the bottom of
the cistern at the Kansas Institution during a
cleaning process. High time for the work.

THE STATE Superintendent of Public Instruction
in his last report speaks a good word for
each of the institutions for the deaf (6) of the
State, and frowns on all ideas of consolidation.

EDWARD W. Wood, a deaf-mute, of Greenfield,
Ind., is a dealer in flour, bran, shipwheat, meal,
corn and oats, and is, we understand, doing a
very good business.

A boy of the Kentonay Institution mislaid one
of the fingers of his right hand in a mill, during
the vacation, and had to have it cut off. Deaf-
mutes should be careful of their fingers.

BUXON has it that Colorado is to put up build-
ings for an institution for the deaf and dumb
and the blind. Divide and conquer is a good
maxim to follow in treating the two classes, ed-
ucationally considered.

The joys of school day life are not confined
to the deaf and dumb at the institutions of other
States, but with one hundred and seven deaf-mute
pupils and the number constantly increasing, the State
will find it not only a matter of econ-
omy, but of great convenience to the
deaf and dumb, their parents and
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ed upon her neighboring States.

MISS ELIZ. MORRISON, who bequeathed \$500 to
the New England Deaf-mute Association, be-
queathed \$2,000 to the American Asylum, \$2,000 to
the Unitarian Church in the place where she
lived, and gave a handsome sum to Miss Hathaway
the Jew's and the wilderness.

The mathematical genius of the Minnesota Insti-
tution figures the cost of the civil war at \$15,-
000,000 each, \$3,000,000 each, 538 miles long if placed side
by side, and taking a train at 40 miles an hour 14
hours to go from end to end. Now suppose he
figures up the pupils to fill them.

A boy-mute, calling himself Thomas Schott,
was begging in Orange on Thursday last. He
had a ledger recommending him as worthy of
charity, purporting to be from Rev. Thomas Gal-
lanet of New York, who writes that Schott is
a fraud. Beware of him.—*Jersey City, N. J.*

Journal, Jan. 19, 1878.

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A large company gathered at the home of Mr.
Bishop, in Evansville, Wis., New Year's Day, to
witness the marriage of his daughter, Ada J., to
the conclusion of his business in that village, on
crossing the railroad near the depot, his horse,
trotting at considerable speed, slipped or stumbled,
instantly slackening his speed, which instantaneously
brought the driver from his position in the buggy, precipitating him to the track by the feet of the horse, the buggy running over him.

J. R. FLEMING, of Wolcott, N. Y., met with a
rather serious accident on the 11th of January.

On his return home, with his father, at the
conclusion of his business in that village, on
crossing the railroad near the depot, his horse,
trotting at considerable speed, slipped or stumbled,
instantly slackening his speed, which instantaneously
brought the driver from his position in the buggy, the buggy running over him.

A deaf-mute organization has been incorpor-
ated in Illinois, under the title of the "Northwest-
ern Deaf-Mute Christian Association." They
want \$500—*or rather the interest on it at 10 per
cent, per annum.* Their plan is to receive notes
from members and collect only the interest. A
note for five dollars makes one a life member as
long as he pays his interest; \$50 makes one a
life director; \$75 elevates the maker of the
note to a life vice-president. Interest payable
annually. The objects of the society are the
propagation of the gospel among the mutes of Illinois.

The wedding of Mr. W. B. Gormly and Miss
Louise Denton, at Geneva, N. Y., Jan. 23d, was
very brilliant, a large party having gathered
in the elegant parlors to witness the ceremony.

Rev. Mr. Keeney performed the ceremony very
gracefully, and the bridal couple received the
congratulations of their many friends. The super-
table was very elegant, and tastefully decorated.

The evening was pleasantly spent, with
dancing and music, and all passed a delightful
evening. The house was beautifully decorated
for the occasion with evergreens and flowers,

and Mr. and Mrs. Denton displayed their hospitality
with the greatest ease and kindness.

FRANK Horle, aged 10, John Stet, aged 16, and
Thomas Leonard, aged 22, all mutes, were arrested
by officer Blanchard, of the Second Precinct,

this morning. The officer noticed them acting
suspiciously on Newark Avenue, and followed
them. They saw the officer and ran toward
Troy.—*Our Mission Work.*

close on their heels. From Hoboken Avenue they
dashed down Jackson Street, Hoboken, where the
officer caught them. At the Second Precinct police
station in answer to sergeant Carroll, Hat
wrote on the slate that they had been inmates of
the Deaf and Dumb Institution, Corner of One
hundred and Twenty-second street and Tenth
avenue, New York. One of them managed to
accumulate about fifty cents, and with this they
came to New York on the Harlem boat, and on
Saturday night went to see the comic pantomime
at the Bowery Theater. Leonard having an
aide in this city, they came over here, and failing
to find him, they wandered about the streets
until this morning, when hunger compelled them
to beg. They were sent to Police Headquarters
to await Justice Davis. They are very proficient
in the deaf and dumb language.—*Jersey City, N.
J. Journal, Jan. 21, 1878.*

The first annual report of the Western Penn-
sylvania Institution for Deaf-Mutes, for the year
ending July 1st, 1877, is before us. This institu-
tion is under the proprietorship of James A. Lagan,
A. M., a graduate of the National Deaf
Mute College, Washington, D. C., assisted by
one male and three female instructors. The
treasurer's report shows the receipts for the year
to have been \$12,334.19, and the disbursements
\$9,785.59, leaving a balance of \$2,549.39. Up to
July 1st the number of pupils admitted was 59,
of whom 33 were males and 26 females. The
advancement of the pupils was good. The teachers
all performed their duties in a satisfactory
manner, everything worked as smoothly as could
be expected, and all the officers of the school were
fully becoming familiar with their work. The
fifty-nine pupils admitted during the year were
received from thirteen counties. The attendance
during the present year is considerably larger than
last, and will, no doubt, be largely increased
from year to year. All things considered,
the prospects of the above institution are
certainly very encouraging.

Atmosphere, not generally known, it is, never-
theless, we believe true that the examinations of
pupils in the Central New York Institution are
the most severe anywhere outside of the National
Deaf-Mute College, whose form they approach
though they do not imitate. Printed questions
prepared originally and solely by the principal are
put on the pupil's desk and the class is required
to answer it all within a given time, on paper
with a pencil. Each member is properly seated
in the re-organization of the Parish Tent.

Ten or twelve of the members of
Mexico Tent of Rechabites visited
Parish last Saturday night and assisted
in the re-organization of the Parish Tent.

There was a dance on the evening
of the 29th inst., at Empire Hall. We
hear that the proceeds were for the
benefit of the Episcopal Church Society.

HON. D. W. C. Peck came home
from Albany last Friday evening,
spent Saturday and Sunday and re-
turned Monday morning.

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turning home last Monday.

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Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publication of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

OUR WORCESTER LETTER.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—It affords me a great deal of pleasure to write for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL again, after a long silence.

Mr. William A. Lynde, of Boston, could not come to Worcester to preach to us Sunday forenoon, the 9th ult., so Mr. J. P. Marsh, who lives near the former city, preached for him. We were exceedingly well pleased with his sermon, and our prayer-meeting, in the evening, was a pleasure to us as usual.

Prof. Job Turner was expected to conduct a religious service before the deaf-mutes of this city Wednesday evening, the 12th ult., at All Saints' Chapel, but something prevented him from coming to Worcester, so we were disappointed in not seeing him. I hope he may have a better chance to come here some other time.

Wednesday forenoon, the 12th ult., our correspondent took the train for Marlboro, for the purpose of paying his little family a visit there, stopping over night. Thursday afternoon, at half-past one o'clock, he took the train for Boston, where he left for Salem at 3:15 p. m., and he paid a short visit to his friends, Hardy P. and Henry A. Chapman, with whom he stopped over night, and with whom he had a delightful time. At 4:45, Friday evening, he took the night train for Gardiner, Maine, (his birthplace) and arrived there at 2:30 a. m. He then went to Evans' Hotel, where he sat by the fire till 5:30, when he went up to his old friend, Mr. Charles A. Robbins' residence. The folks were very glad to see him again, and tried to do all they could to entertain him during his visit. Sunday afternoon, he went over to the New Mills, to give Mrs. Esther A. Richards, a deaf-mute lady, a call, but she was not at home, for she was in Richmond, Maine, keeping house for a gentleman and his wife. Mrs. Richards is a cousin of Mr. Wm. H. Green, secretary of the Massachusetts Christian Union, of this city, and is a widow, and has one little girl that can hear. The correspondent then went to Mr. John Burnham's residence to see if his son, Charlie W. Burnham, who is a semi-mute, was at home, but he was out to his grandfather's in Litchfield, a few miles from Gardiner. At last he went over to Mr. Augustus Page's, and had the pleasure of meeting him for about two hours. Mr. Page was brother to Roscoe G. Page, a deaf-mute, who was a member of the National Deaf-Mute College for about three years. He was a highly intelligent gentleman, and was taken away by death in the fall of 1875. He was an old classmate of the correspondent. Tuesday morning, Dec. 18th, he went up to Augusta by rail, and stayed there some two hours. He called to see Mr. William Scopes, a deaf-mute, at his workshop for a few minutes. He was in very good spirits, and is a "smart" workman. Then the correspondent walked two miles to Hallowell, where he stayed at his friend's all night. He went to see his father's and mother's graves there. Wednesday morning he started for Gardiner, in the dunny car, and stayed there till Friday afternoon at 2:45, when he went to Portland, where he arrived about six o'clock p. m., and where he had to stay in the depot till two o'clock in the morning when he started for Boston, where he arrived about 7:30 a. m. He called to see his cousin, Rev. Howard C. Dunham, in Boston, after which he made a little call on Mr. Geo. A. Holmes, President of the Worcester Society, at the Registry of Deeds Office, Boston. He then went to Marlboro, in the afternoon, to see his family, and stayed there till Monday morning, when he came home by stage. His wife, child, and his wife's father came to this city the same afternoon.

We had been at one of ex President Grant's receptions, and the contrast between him and President Hayes was very marked. The latter wore no gloves, neither did his wife, but the former is said to have worn out ten pairs of gloves at one reception. In shaking hands with him, we felt as if we had an automaton to deal with, so cold and unmovable did he look, while President Hayes has a warm grip of the hand, and a smile for everybody.

Messrs. Jackson and Donnelly were surprised, in the course of the evening, to meet the sister of a deaf-mute whom they knew, named Mr. Cooper, of Watertown, N. Y.

J. A. P., a junior select, persists in calling himself a select junior.

A Freshman to a Sophomore: "What did you call me a blockhead for?" "Be-

cause I always call things by their right names" was the crushing reply.

Job Turner arrived here last week, pale and hasty. On Friday evening he delivered to us what was called a "familiar lecture." It was a rambling discourse, touching on whatever subjects the lecturer's fancy led him to, intermingled with a few spicy stories and personal reminiscences. He had the rare faculty of making us laugh while he, himself, was as serious as a sphinx. We could not decide which the most to laugh at, his stories or his manner of rendering them. Mr. Turner is going on a long tour in the South and will not be back at the North until next spring, at which time we hope he will stop and give us another call.

The lecturing season of this college was opened on the 11th inst., by Prof. Hothcliss, and a fair opening it was, judging from the deep interest with which the students looked at the lecturer from beginning to end. His subject was the Origin of the Drama. We all thought that the end came too soon.

The other day a sapient and dignified Senior suddenly came to the door in seating himself, whereupon a wicked Sophomore called out: "O what a fall was there, my countrymen."

A belligerent Prep. had a dream, the other night, in which he struck an imaginary antagonist, but in so doing he struck against the side of a bureau with so much violence as to draw the blood from his clenched hand. He has got cured of his fighting propensities.

There was talk last year of getting up a boat club in this college, but for some reason or other the idea has been abandoned. It may, however, be revived at some future day. Before the matter had been entirely dropped Henry A. Chapman, a former student, engraved and drew up, in a very handsome style, a record for the constitution of the club. It is a present of which any society might be proud. It will be framed and hung up in the new room of the Reading Club. The thanks of the students are due to Mr. Chapman.

STUDENT.

NEWS FROM ROCHESTER.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Your correspondent is happy to take an opportunity to send you a few items from the Western New York Institution, and will try hereafter to keep your readers informed by an occasional letter.

To the number of the pupils published in the JOURNAL of two weeks ago four or five have been added, a few others are expected soon, and accommodations have been provided for them.

A nice, new, brick building of four stories has been added to the block of buildings which we occupy and is ready for use.

The health of the pupils is excellent. Fred Wynkoop, (whose mute aunt, Mrs. William S. Smith, resides in Salem, Oregon,) has been very sick with a high fever for nearly two months, but under the watchful care of his mother and an experienced and efficient nurse he has rallied, and is rapidly recovering. He was in poor health when he came to the institution; hence his severe sickness.

John Carlin, Esq., of New York, who had been engaged in painting for some time at Utica, took up his headquarters in this city last November, and with great labor and skill, produced a painting of the "Lower Falls" of the Genesee River. The painting was pronounced by all who saw it wonderfully natural and beautiful. It promises to command a high price, and is a most exquisite work of art.

Mr. Carlin was called back to New York just after the holidays, by a letter from a wealthy gentleman, inviting him to portray the likeness of his dead child.

He called at the institution several times and we all enjoyed his genial visits very much. He considered our school system a correct one and was much pleased with its successful operation, notwithstanding contrary rumors published in the JOURNAL and MIRROR by writers who had not taken the pains to inform themselves; like two ladies who were conducted into one of our school-rooms by a teacher, and the books which the pupils use being shown them, one of the ladies said: "Why, I thought the scholars used raised letters; and like a visitor who once called at a certain institution and asked one of the teachers if the pupils were learning to hear. These persons all evidently thought their criticisms showed considerable smartness. Let all who can stop at Rochester make a thorough inspection of this school and judge for themselves. We welcome all heartily and cordially.

We were attracted yesterday by men wading and dragging the Erie canal, near the river dam, for the body of a

missing man. It is thought that their search has been of no avail and that the unfortunate man, who was deranged, will not be found.

The weather for the past week has been remarkably mild and exhilarating, with glorious sunshine and brilliant moonlight, but with no sleighing or skating. We all seem to enjoy it, except the ice dealers, who must be pulling their hair as if in despair.

The heavy, warm rains of yesterday remind us of those of last April and May. Perhaps the clerk of the weather may have mistaken the winter for summer and is going to send us our snows in June.

Pop corn and checkers are all the rage among the Rochester pupils in leisure moments.

Most of the old New York graduates in this city are having hard times like many others, not mutes, because of the lack of steady work, but anticipate better luck in the spring, and, like our old friend in the story, they are "waiting for something to turn up."

Yours respectfully,
SIDNEY HERBERT HOWARD.

Rochester, Jan. 21, 1878.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

Every person must have observed how much happier and more beloved some persons are than others. There are some persons whom you always love to be with. They are happy themselves, and they make you happy.

No person can be happy without friends. The heart is formed for love, and cannot be happy without giving and receiving affection. But you cannot receive affection unless you will also give it. You cannot find others to love you unless you will also love them. Love is only to be obtained by giving love in return. Hence the importance of cultivating a cheerful and obliging disposition. You cannot be happy without it. I have sometimes heard a girl say, "I know that I am very unpopular at school." Now this is a plain confession that she is very disagreeable and unamiable in her disposition. If your companions do not love you it is your own fault. They cannot help loving you if you will be kind and friendly. If you are not loved, it is good evidence that you do not deserve to be loved. It is true that a sense of duty may, at times, render it necessary for you to do that which will be displeasing to your companions. But if it is seen that you have a *bona fide*, that you are above selfishness, that you are willing to make sacrifices of your own personal convenience to promote the happiness of your associates, you will never be in want of friends. You must not regard it as your misfortune that others do not love you, but your fault. It is not beauty, it is not wealth that will give you friends. Your heart must glow with kindness, if you would attract to yourself the esteem and affection of those by whom you are surrounded.

You are little aware how much the happiness of your whole life depends upon the cultivation of an affectionate and obliging disposition. If you will adopt the resolution that you will confer favors whenever you have an opportunity, you will certainly be surrounded by ardent friends. I will give you some infallible rules.

Do all in your power to make others happy. Be willing to make sacrifices of your own convenience that you may promote the happiness of others.

This is the way to make friends, and the only way. When you are playing with your brothers and sisters at home, be always ready to give them more than their share of privileges. Manifest an obliging disposition and they cannot but regard you with affection. In all your intercourse with others, at home or abroad, let these feelings influence you, and you will receive a rich reward.

JAMES W. STEPHENS.

New York, Jan. 1, 1878.

A GALLANT DEAF-MUTE.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Happening upon the *British Workman*, 1866, I found the following narrative of a noble and brave deaf-mute, and thought proper to furnish it to the JOURNAL in extenso. I hope that others may draw moral influences therefrom:

"There is in Dundee, a young man named Alexander Ferguson, an orphan son of a Strathallie mason, who, although deprived of the powers of speech, possesses an extraordinary power of swimming. This talent he has turned to good account.

When a mere lad he was taught to swim by the Hawkill weavers, and, when only ten years of age, he was instrumental in saving a boy from drowning at Magdalen Point. Six lives have by this brave deaf-mute been saved from watery graves.

He now wears the Rescue Medal of the "Forth Swimming Club, and Humane Society," which he highly prizes. In 1864 an interesting public meeting was held, at which various presents were given to Ferguson, one of them being handed to him by Alexander Robertson, a little boy, four years of age, who had been rescued by him from a watery grave.

We strongly advise that all boys be taught to swim. If a deaf and dumb working man has been the honored instrument of saving six lives from drowning, how many valuable lives might yearly be saved, if the art of swimming were universally cultivated?" Yours respectfully,

T. A. F.

New York, Jan. 22, 1878.

A GLANCE AT HOMES.

The art of living together happily is greatly promoted by an habitual care of the little words and acts practiced from day to day.

An economy of "Thou shalt" and "thou shalt not" would not unfrequently be wise, for it is an undoubted fact that adults quite naturally grow irritable under the imperative mood, and few younger natures are profitably disciplined by too much of it. We often observe that the most violent side of nature in persons of mature years as well as in children is called out by the unkind, harsh, controlling spirit governing it. It was once held by nearly all religious denominations that a fierce struggle with Apollyon awaited even the purest human soul before it could be at peace with God, and enter upon its rights and true relation with Him. And it sometimes seems as if the husband or wife at the head of some households regard their position like this, and feel that battles of contention will only naturally add to future domestic felicity and success.

Theodore Parker once said, and wisely, too, that men and women, and especially young people, do not know that it takes years to marry completely two hearts, even of the most loving and well sorted. Marriage is gradual, a fraction of us at a time.

Young people marry their opposites in temper and general character, and such a marriage is commonly a good match. Habitual exchange of the little courtesies of life are never unimportant, never unacceptable, are always gratefully received, they cost nothing and benefit much. Husband and wife should make an effort at gentleness of deportment, suavity of manner and courtesy of expression toward each other rather than to those outside of the home circle, who have no special claim upon them except "good will to men," and who are, sometimes, never seen again.

Fault-finding is an apple of discord in multitudes of families; there seems to be acid in each remark they originate, and their whole nature is a chronic snarl. Their adjectives are of a sweeping character, and are not used to modify the good substantives of home, but to enlarge the contentious phrases that make the daily jarring sentence that should be omitted. But we think, from observation, that this complaining, fault-finding trait does not assume these gigantic proportions of enormity at once, but by slow degrees and daily practice. Let every person of intelligence, refinement and culture bear in mind that in living together with others pleasantly and happily, it is of essential importance to practice the virtues of uniform gentleness, deference and courtesy, remembering that one of the most cardinal points in the proportions of domestic enjoyment and of family happiness is to cultivate self-sacrifice; for it is this which kindles it in those for whom the sacrifice is made, and always, everywhere, the noblest heart in every household gives to the others the first choice and leaves the others the best places and best things, and, when this beautiful spirit is wedded in both, a foundation for a happy home is made.

First the bud and then the rose—an acorn then the oak; the sun and shower upon them fill them with unfolding growth and beauty.

Mrs. J. L. Atwood.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

The title of this subject is either related or closely connected with the little word *if*. This relation may be illustrated in the following proportion:

If: It might have been parent—offspring. That is to say the existence of it might have been all depends on *if* or some other word, or words bearing a similar idea. We shall soon see if there is any truth in such a statement. Before discussing the subject, we should say *if* has had much to do with the world's history—has turned the helm of nations, has altered the course of languages and laws. Had the Per-

sians won Marathon all Europe might have been Asiatic; Greek and Roman grandeur might never have attained the perfection it had: in short, Rome might never have played so important a part on the stage of the world, and never would the auditorium have been filled with such a host of admiring and awed spectators.

The Battle of Tours had also a similar result on the history of the world. Had Charles Martel with his European hosts been defeated, Islam and not Christianity would have been an institution in Europe, and probably also in America: that is, if Mohammedanism had not cast a barrier in the way to discoveries. And later still, if there had not been a Battle of Hastings, or if there had been a Battle of Hastings in which the Norman Duke, William, had lost and Harold won, what would have been the destiny of Great Britain?

I refer particularly to the course the language of the English speaking race would have taken—no, I should not say English speaking; for how do we know that our language would be as we have it, when Norman influence would never have been felt within the realms of old Albion? And, undoubtedly, to-day, Gothic would be the predominant and vernacular language of the British Isles as well as of her foreign possessions which dot the globe, and enable Great Britain to boast that on her dominions "the sun never sets." But, still, we are in doubt as to whether Great Britain would have acquired her extensive territories if she had remained Saxon. The Saxons and Normans were unhesitatingly different in their characters, and if no such huge catastrophe as the battle of Hastings had occurred the inhabitants of England, at this day, might not have exerted such mighty influence upon the destinies of nations.

Had the Norman never trod English soil, no French manners and customs would have been so extensively introduced: the Anglo-Saxon tongue would have retained its inflections; Latin and French words would not have constituted so important a part of our language, and the old Saxon would have retained its simplicity, though it is hard to say whether its purity would have rendered it a better coin for circulation than the present alloyed tongue in which we speak. Having now arrived at and discussed the last figure in the great sum of what might have been, we obtain the following result:

"Of all the sad words of tongue and pen, The saddest are these, 'It might have been.'"

J. T. E.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEARS.

Last November Daniel W. Cary was elected Chairman of the Committee on Christmas Tree, and Henry M. Howe, of this city, Secretary. Misses Houghton and Joslin, of this city, were appointed committee on Christmas Tree. The chairman appointed D. B. Howe, of this city to be "Santa Claus," and Messrs. H. M. Howe and Parcells, of this city, to distribute the presents. Mr. Knight, an old deaf-mute gentleman, of West Boylston, sent two bags of nice evergreens to our society, and Mr. Parcells worked on them for several days. The evergreens were 337 feet in length, and the hall was tastefully decorated with them. A large picture of the American Asylum was handsomely clothed with evergreens, and looked quite beautiful. "Merry Christmas," which was handsomely lettered by Mr. Parcells, was put on a large picture frame and hung on the wall opposite the pulpit. A beautiful tree was placed on the platform and heavily laden with nice presents, consisting of picture frames, card frames, cards, handkerchiefs, hanging baskets and other articles too numerous to mention. Before the presents were distributed, Mr. Henry Fairman, a deaf-mute of Hartford, made a few remarks to the mutes, and then offered prayer, after which Rev. M. Phillips, pastor of the Plymouth Church of this city, made a prayer. Nineteen deaf-mutes and twenty-five speaking persons were present, and were exceedingly pleased with everything. About two o'clock p. m. we all went home.

He had been over forty years a teacher here, and was regarded as one of the best teachers for elementary classes in the country.

A memorial service will be held in honor of Mr. Conklin in our chapel next Sunday afternoon.

In sorrowful haste,

J. W. E.

AN ACCIDENT—A LECTURE.

BOSTON, MASS., Jan. 24, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—It gives me much pleasure to write you a little news for your paper.

Saturday night the 12th inst., John Mulvey, a deaf-mute boy, 15 years old, was sent up into the hay-loft of Philip Duffee, of 68 Hampden Street, Boston, Highland, with a hatchet, to open a bale of hay. After doing the work assigned to him, he carelessly threw the hatchet out of the window of the loft across the street. A boy named Edward Purcell was passing on the other side of the street at the time, and was struck by the implement, the blow cutting a deep gash in the boy's forehead. Purcell was sent to the City Hospital, where he now is.

Last Wednesday night Professor Ralph H. Atwood, of Newburyport, delivered a very good lecture on "Mary, Queen of Scots" before a large deaf-mute audience at Boylston Hall. At the close of his lecture, they applauded him by clapping their hands and waving their handkerchiefs.

Yours sincerely,

SWEET LEMON.

(Continued from first page.)

Then let your sentimental elucidations rest for the present, and permit me to remind you that it is considerably past 10 o'clock. Time and tide wait for no man," it is said. Neither do coaches, as you last week learned to your cost."

"So late!" said he, looking at his watch.

"Come, Lizzie, walk with me down to the cross-roads."

"To carry your luggage, sir?"

"Of a verity, no! This time Tom will get the porter's shilling. I ask you to go solely for the pleasure of your company. The day is fine, the path to the cross-roads pleasant, and if you enjoy a morning walk, why not show yourself charitably inclined by going along with me?"

I assented to Mr. Graham's request from a latent wish to remain with him till the latest moment, and also (shall I confess it?) with a feeling of malicious pleasure in showing my newly fledged independence to the Smiths. Indeed I was fully determined that their guardianship of my person and property should be only nominal during the remaining twelve months of my minority.

Time brings me to another fair autumnal evening. My year of study is closed. This very day I am twenty-one and literally my own sole mistress.

As just one year ago, I sit in the old familiar room, with Mr. and Mrs. Smith and Lizzie; and as then, thought weaves in my brain its many-threaded mystic web. But now, grave memory retires, and bright hope beckons me on within the flowery portals of the future.

As just one year ago, Tom brings the letters from the evening mail, and as then, there is a message from Weld Graham. But the letter is not like the previous one, addressed to Mr. Smith. Neither can Mrs. Smith nor Lizzie claim it. They nor you, reader, have no right or title to its contents, and only a clause will be transcribed for your edification.

Thus it reads: "In our married life, I intend that you shall, as now, hold your property independent of my control, even to the smallest fraction of your portion of the Broken Shilling."

Interesting Service at St. Paul's Church, Detroit, Mich.

(From the Detroit Free Press, Jan. 16, 1878.)

Very interesting services were held last evening at St. Paul's Episcopal Church, and were conducted by Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D. D., rector of St. Ann's Church, New York, and general manager of the Church Mission to Deaf-mutes. He was assisted by Rev. Mr. Mann, a deaf-mute deacon of the Episcopal Church, and Rev. Dr. Stocking, of Grace Church. Bishop McCosky, Rev. George Worthington, Rev. S. B. Carpenter, and Rev. J. T. Webster were present and a large audience.

After the usual opening services of a week day religious meeting, the sacrament of holy baptism was administered to an infant and to its mother, both deaf-mutes. Rev. Dr. Stocking reading the service and Rev. Dr. Gallaudet repeating it by the sign language to the recipients. Thus the simple, yet sublime, service was participated in by all present, and it was perhaps an experience never before enjoyed by them. The eager earnestness with which the mother watched the lightning-like movements of Dr. Gallaudet's fingers and the apparently happy promptness with which she responded for herself and child was a picture not soon to be forgotten.

After the baptismal service Rev. Dr. Gallaudet briefly explained how the sign language is not merely the commitment to memory—parrot-like—of a lot of words, but is a system of finding the way to the minds of deaf-mutes and of rendering to the eyes of the pupils by signs the meaning of sentences, phrases and words in the same manner that sound acts upon the ears and minds of persons not afflicted with loss of hearing and speech. He spoke of the establishment of the first institute for deaf-mutes at Hartford in April, 1817, by his own father, who was assisted by Laurent Clerc, and added that there are now forty or fifty such institutions in this country. Of the object of the Church Mission for Deaf-mutes he said it was for the purpose of teaching and helping them after they had left the regular institutes of learning.

At the close of Dr. Gallaudet's remarks Rev. Mr. Mann interpreted in the sign language, "Nearer My God to Thee," his interpretation being wonderfully graphic and graceful. It was a performance, the full effect of which can only be realized by seeing it.

Ardin Nelson, a negro, was hanged at Plymouth, N. C., Jan. 19, for the murder of G. A. Webb last April.

The Iowa Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

(From the Council Bluffs Nonpareil, Jan. 17th.)

One of the highest duties of civilized society is the care of its members who are deprived either by nature or accident of the powers of mind or body necessary for the enjoyment of existence, especially through the medium of the senses of hearing or sight. The one is lost to all the beauties of nature, and the other to the means of communication with their fellow men, unless some system is provided whereby they can learn how to receive ideas from others and impart their own. The institution of the deaf and dumb is a great philanthropic duty which the people of Iowa fully realize, and they do not shrink from the responsibility which it imposes. They have undertaken the work of educating this unfortunate class according to the most improved methods which the existence of the past has devised. Their institution for this purpose is located in this city and was built in 1870, or the main building and east wing were completed in that year. The contract was let in 1868 to Wm. R. Craig of Nebraska City, and the work was commenced that fall under the supervision of Mr. William Ward, the architect. For the location of this institution here, the Legislature appropriated \$125,000, and with it grounds were purchased and a building erected which was looked upon with pride not only by our citizens, but was regarded as an honor to the State. In November, 1869, it was first occupied for the purpose for which it was built. Prior to that time the school of instruction was at Iowa City from which place Mr. B. Talbot, the present Superintendent, came bringing with him the teachers and ninety-one pupils. The number steadily increased from that time and when the fire occurred in February, 1876, there were one hundred and fifty-three in attendance. These, before that disaster, were all accommodated in a most comfortable manner, but after it occurred many of them had to be sent to their homes, as there were not sufficient facilities in the other buildings connected with the institution to afford them the proper care. The machine shop was converted into a school, and a wooden structure was built near by in order to increase the accommodations. This was necessary as we found them elsewhere and their recitations, conducted in their peculiar manner, were very interesting.

In all the schools two things were particularly noticeable. First the zeal of the scholars in gaining knowledge and second, the contented and pleasant expression on the countenances of nearly every one indicating that they were happy and satisfied with their surroundings. This speaks volumes in praise of the management and all persons connected with the Institution, and no greater evidence of their efficiency is necessary than can be seen in the countenances of the congregation who could hear. On the occasion of Mr. Mann's last visit to St. Louis, December 16th, the *Journal* gave a full description of his mode of address, and it is therefore needless to repeat it here. The service yesterday was very impressive, and had a marked effect upon the congregation.

The new wing was at last finished, and as soon as possible the girls of

the institution were transferred thereto, while the boys remained in the quarters provided in the machine-shop building, an arrangement which is in force at the present time, as we found on Thursday last, when in company with Mr. Thomas Officer, Mr. N. P. Dodge, Hon. Geo. F. Wright and Representatives Carson and Clayton, we visited the place and had the pleasure of examining with them its condition and workings. We were welcomed by the Superintendent, Mr. Talbot, who, with his accustomed courtesy, tendered to us every facility to become thoroughly informed not only in reference to matters and things pertaining to the buildings and grounds, but also as to the methods of instruction employed.

We were first conducted to the class-room, where Mr. John A. Gillespie was teaching a number of pupils the system of visible speech introduced in this country by Prof. Graham Bell.

In the exercises of this class we became much interested, and in fact surprised at the progress the scholars were making in learning to make the elementary sounds of spoken language and combine them in the pronunciation of words. The system has been

taught in the Institute only about two months, and there are pupils in Mr. Gillespie's class who were born deaf and never heard a distinct sound in their lives, who can now pronounce words with a clearness of expression, which enables one to understand them without difficulty.

To explain the method by which this system is taught so that it could be properly understood is a difficult task, and one which we will not attempt in its details. It is based upon the fact that every elementary sound of spoken language requires a certain distinctive position and movement of the organs of speech to produce it. The pupil is taught these and given to understand that by so doing he can express his thoughts and wishes and be understood. By a close attention to how he uses his own vocal organs he can tell when another is speaking what he means from the position and movements of the tongue, lips, etc. In Europe the system has been in use for a number of years and there demonstrated to be entirely practical. In this country its introduction is of a recent date, but it is meeting with much favor, and promises to be a valuable feature in the education of mutes who possess even an average degree of intelligence. Mr. Gillespie is succeeding admirably in developing the voices of the scholars who attend his department, and he is certainly entitled to great credit for his indefatigable efforts. After leaving Mr. Gillespie's schools, the senior class, taught by Mr. John A. Kennedy, the members of which have been in the institute nearly seven years—the prescribed limit of the course, was visited. The proficiency to which the persons had attained was most gratifying. They were all able to read readily and write well, besides possessing a fair knowledge of geography, history and arithmetic.

The other classes under Ellen J. Israel, Ella A. Brown and Mrs. Gillespie, were also visited and the exercises gave evidence of the zeal and ability of these ladies in imparting instructions under such difficult circumstances. The schools presided over by Mr. Edwin Southwick and Mr. C. S. Zarbough, both of whom are themselves deaf and dumb, are held in the machine shop. The progress of the scholars there was as marked as we found them elsewhere and their recitations, conducted in their peculiar manner, were very interesting.

Notwithstanding these difficulties the superintendent and teachers, as well as the pupils who were allowed to remain, cheerfully put up with the difficulties under which they labored, and continued their work without a murmur. At the time of this great disaster which so seriously affected the institution, the foundation walls of the west wing had been laid, and the contractors, J. & C. P. Wickham, commenced work on the superstructure as early as possible in the spring, in hopes of having it completed in October. In this they would doubtless have succeeded had it not been for the tornado, which unrooted it and caused a partial destruction of the walls. To repair the damage occasioned considerable delay, and cost, according to the statement of the architect, Mr. Ward, \$2,257.50. This tornado also did considerable damage to the walls of the burnt portion, and parts of them were blown down in places, notwithstanding the utmost precaution had been taken to shore them up.

We had the pleasure of seeing the entire school at dinner, and from the excellent variety which was served indicated that as a purchaser of the necessities of life Mr. Taylor, the steward, is the right man in the right place. The children partook of their repast on Thursday last, when in company with Mr. Thomas Officer, Mr. N. P. Dodge, Hon. Geo. F. Wright and Representatives Carson and Clayton, we visited the place and had the pleasure of examining with them its condition and workings. We were welcomed by the Superintendent, Mr. Talbot, who, with his accustomed courtesy, tendered to us every facility to become thoroughly informed not only in reference to matters and things pertaining to the buildings and grounds, but also as to the methods of instruction employed.

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